Dolly Thimble.

Written by Mr. *Romer.*

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LET bucks of the town praise their fine ladies fair,
And talk of their wonderful graces,
I ne'er can agree such great beauties dwell there,
To be sure there's some few pretty faces;
Of one more fair than those I sing,
One so fair, so pretty, neat, and so nimble,
Search round the world, I'll defy you to bring
Such another as my Dolly Thimble.

In her cheeks are seen blended the lilly and rose,
In her shine the sweetness of love,
I'm sure that from earth my dear girl ne'er arose,
Descended she's sure from above;
And when this fair angel of sweetness I view,
My heart does so beat and so tremble,
Struck dumb with surprise, I'm scarcely to woo
This heaven born maid, Dolly Thimble.

O ye Gods, and ye Goddesses, great or if small,
Who preside o'er us mortals below,
I pray you attend to a true lover's call,
And relieve a fond heart of its woe;
For my faith sincere I now claim reward,
Ye Gods, in your favours be nimble,
I ask not for riches, or by the sword,
But I ask for my fair Dolly Thimble.